

BARREN ISLAND COP HOLDS POST, BEATS DAN CUPID

William Evans, the Whole Force at Fertilizer Colony, Feared He'd Lose Job.

BUT WALDO SAVES HIM.

Refuses to Displace Him With Bluecoat Who Married Belle of the Island.

There will be no shakeup in the Police Department of Barren Island. It was never intended there should be, but there might have been one. Policeman William Evans (shield No. 5,892) comprises the department of the island.

Barren Island, as perhaps every one doesn't know, is in Jamaica Bay, off Canarsie. It is noted for its fertilizing plants—there are four of them. It is notorious for the odors which permeate the air in its immediate vicinity. There is no suggestion of a magnolia blossom, no hint of the fragrance of sweet violets, no aroma of the rose borne seaward on the breeze from Barren Island. Yachts and other small craft which navigate the waters of Jamaica Bay steer to the windward in passing the home of the fertilizers.

Up to last October the island was policed by three men in eight hour shifts. While the island is part of Greater New York, it takes nearly as long to get there as it does to Philadelphia. As a result there were always two policemen on the way to the island or from it while the other kept watch. Commissioner Nathan, in despair over the loss of so much time, asked for a volunteer policeman who would live permanently in the land of smells. To his surprise, Policeman Evans took the job. Evans is married and has a child. EVANS WAS THE WHOLE POLICE FORCE.

Waldo was delighted, and Evans has been in charge now for six months. He is chief of the force on Barren Island. He is the force. The population is 1,400, mostly foreigners unacquainted with the idiom and other beauties of the English language. They boast a school and a teacher, they have a moving picture show, a volunteer fire department, five saloons and the fertilizing plants. Waldo declared Evans a hero. He gave him a yellow jacket and a bunch of peacock feathers. For the last two months there hasn't been an arrest on the island. Up to that time there had been three arrests for felony and eight on misdemeanor charges. Evans has made a most exemplary police force. He does as he pleases and the population does as he pleases. The result is very pleasing all around. And the policeman is content to remain on Barren Island for the rest of his days.

Evil, like beauty, attracts money, wanders everywhere. The little girl, busy in sunshine and flowers, in moonlight bowers. He takes a chance even among the quaint odors of fertilizing plants. Waldo went to Barren Island in a small boat with a Brooklyn cop. The cop won the wood and won one of the belles of the island. He married her.

THEN CAME THE DISQUIETING RUMORS. Then disquieting rumors mingled with the odors of Barren Island. It reached the ears of Policeman Evans that the Brooklyn Hawkshaw had his eye on the flock post that was Evans's. The rumors would not down. Evans in his desire to please Commissioner Nathan, called upon Capt. Dwyer of the police patrol. He told Dwyer of the rumors. The Captain would see Commissioner Waldo. He did see him. "Did Evans have no fear," returned the Commissioner. "His yellow jacket and peacock feathers are safe. No one shall succeed him."

And so peace again went to Barren Island. There will be no shakeup in the Police Department, Evans is still master of all he surveys—the population, the school, the saloons and the smells of the fertilizers of Barren Island.

ENGINE TOSSES WOMAN HIGH
Flung Over Smokestack, Body is Ground by Entire Train.

BURLINGTON, N. J., April 2.—A passenger train on the Amboy Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad ran over and killed a woman in the yards at this place to-day. The accident was remarkable in that the train made a double job of the tragedy.

The woman, walking on the track, did not hear the whistle of the engine which was approaching at high speed. She was struck by the pilot and tossed higher than the smokestack. Doubtless the first shock killed her. Her body landed on the track and the train passed over it.

There is nothing by which identification can be made except the clothing.

Have You Lost
Some Article of Value?
If so it will probably interest you to learn how other losers are most successful in getting back missing watches, rings, brooches, dogs, pocketbooks, etc., etc.

671 "Lost and Found" Ads. were printed in The World last month—113 MORE than during March, 1911.

If your "Lost and Found" Ad. is printed in The World it gets a circulation in New York City, morning or Sunday, greater than if published in the Herald, Times, Sun and Tribune COMBINED.
TO TELEPHONE YOUR "LOST & FOUND" AD. TO THE WORLD CALL 4000 BEEKMAN.

Woman With Diamond-Heeled Slippers In Peacock Alley Makes 'Em All Sit Up

Mrs. Anthony, Human Sunburst of Indiana, Gives Waldorf's Famous Promenade a Bad Attack of Eye-Strain with Jewels, Unique Gowns and Gem-Studded Footwear.

Nothing So Gorgeous Ever Seen on Fashion-Plate Row as the Matron Who Made Muncie Famous—And She Designs Her Apparel Herself and Home Dressmaker Builds It.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.
Rings on her fingers.

And diamonds on her toes, Taxicabs to ride within, The full-blown Muncie rose Has come to the Waldorf.

She's stopping there to-day. But she's not Mrs. Mumbo Jumbo Jijiboo J. O'Shay.

No, indeed; she's not. And if my poetic license (No. 185, 437 N. Y.) had not permitted me to put the diamonds on her toes instead of her heels, where she actually wears them, you would have guessed right away that she is none other than Mrs. Charles H. Anthony, the human sunburst from Muncie, Ind., who shone upon the heights of Washington society this winter and astounded the whole county by declaring that no woman can be really well dressed who does not spend \$50,000 a year on her clothes. Exclusive, of course, of the price of diamond slippers, of which Mrs. Anthony has more pairs than she could remember yesterday.

Working quite so gorgeous as this matron who made Muncie (Ind.) famous has ever been seen in New York outside of Madison Square Garden. Really one can think of Mrs. Anthony as one more woman—who suggests a thousand with all their jewels on—just as a powerful electric light suggests many thousand candle power. This estimated distance from Indiana contains the glittering quality of a thousand daisies.

All business stopped at the Waldorf-Astoria yesterday, that guests and employees might gaze their fill upon Mrs. Anthony and her diamonds. And every peacock along the alley started at the glimpse of her and gave the diamond heels the right of way.

SHE OWNED THE BIG HOTEL TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES. From dazzling heels to her dazzling head—Mrs. Anthony is blind, of course—the uncrowned queen of Muncie owned the Waldorf yesterday.

When we had a little talk in the red room I felt as if I were chatting with the whole Durbary and that only a kind-maculor interview could interrupt Mrs. Anthony's story. Of course Mrs. Anthony said things, but she also wore things and looked things. This is how she looked and what she wore—feet foremost. (Interview later).

The diamond heels were not in evidence. Instead Mrs. Anthony wore boots of red Russia leather with white pearl buttons and finished at the top with gold tassels which hung outly down from beneath her skirts and suggested, because of the electrical effect of Mrs. Anthony's diamonds, that if out jerked one of the tassels the scarlet might go out like an electric light.

Her gown was king's blue, embroidered in red, very decorative, but in deference to the hour—2:30 in the afternoon—it had a very, very transparent yoke which looked as if an enterprising spider had spun his web from shoulder to shoulder.

But the spider had not obscured the baby blue bows of Mrs. Anthony's lingerie. Oh, it certainly was a disturbing costume! And if Mrs. Anthony wears it around the Waldorf-Astoria often there'll be some bad cases of eye-strain in the vicinity of Thirty-fourth street.

"I buy all my gowns in the United States," Mrs. Anthony confessed to me, while all creation stared and gasped. "I don't believe in buying foreign gowns nor foreign counts—no counts I call them. All my gowns are made in Indianapolis, and I'll have to run out there pretty soon to order some more. You know I'm really very much embarrassed by all this notoriety caused by my diamond heels. But, really, I don't know how many pairs of diamond slippers I have, nor whether I spend nearly \$50,000 every year on my clothes. I can't keep track of figures and things like that. I wish you could have seen my apricot broadcloth gown that I wore here last night, and the great big cloth of gold hat trimmed with sweeping blue plumes that goes with it. Then I have another hat of black velvet trimmed with gold lace and American Beauty roses. I design all my gowns, practically. I love everything ultra. I wish you could have seen the emerald green satin bathing suit that I wore at Palm Beach last year. It made a sensation. I tell you, of course, I had my head dyed with green, and I wore green suede boots, very high, you know. No-



body believed I'd wear those boots into the water, but I did, and of course I could only wear a pair of boots once. I'll wear hoopskirts if that is the most ultra style I can get. Oh, yes, I design my own jewelry as well as my gowns. VIEWING THE SPARKLERS AT CLOSE RANGE.

Mrs. Anthony very kindly extended a plump hand that I might examine her sparklers at close range. There were twenty huge diamonds arranged in two set pieces like the kind popular at Muncie (Ind.) funerals in the rings of the right hand and perhaps half a dozen huge solitaire rings on the left.

Mrs. Anthony says her diamond heels are not insured, and that she is really quite thrifty and economical, because she doesn't throw the heels away when the slippers wear out, but has them transferred to other slippers.

"Do you ever get down at heel?" I asked. "Down at diamond heels?" I added hastily.

"Now, don't you make fun of me!" said Mrs. Anthony. "I often say that it seems a shame that though I've never had any corns or anything of that sort, I'm always having trouble with my feet."

MRS. ANTHONY CHANGED HER MIND ABOUT BEING A WIDOW. All this time, perhaps, you've been wondering WHO Mrs. Anthony is. I asked her.

"No, I'm not a widow," she said. "When I was a young girl my ideal was to be a dashing young widow, but I've changed my mind. For I'm happily married. I have a son in Harvard. What is my husband's business? He has none—he is retired and we travel a great deal. I don't want to go to Palm Beach this year, because I love to wear velvets and furs."

But Mrs. Anthony wore no furs yesterday afternoon, and if the weather had not been so mild, one might have feared for her lungs. Certainly that Indianapolis maker of the \$50,000 gowns ought to give her dazzling patron a rebate on those décolletés.

P. S.—Mrs. Anthony's husband was quoted in Indiana, Ind., last night as saying of the diamonds she wore on her heels: "You can buy that kind of gems at about \$5 a quart."

When he said it he was talking with the assessor of that township.

MOVIES GAVE HER TIP THAT BURGLAR WAS IN HER HOME

So East New York Woman Left Theatre and Saved Her Diamond and \$7.

The arraignment of Edward Bauman in New Jersey Avenue Police Court, East New York, to-day on a charge of burglary and the action of the Magistrate in holding him without bail for the Grand Jury were due to a premonition experienced last night by Mrs. Tillie Ebinger of No. 122 Crescent street.

Mrs. Ebinger's premonition came to her while she was in attendance, with her husband, Fred, at a moving picture show close to her residence. One of the pictures portrayed a burglary scene. Mrs. Ebinger shivered as the film unmasked a burglar climbing through a window and working an electric flash light.

"Fred," she whispered to her husband, "I left my diamond ring and \$7 in the house and I'm afraid somebody will steal them."

"Pooh, pooh" replied Mr. Ebinger. "Sit still and enjoy the show." Mrs. Ebinger couldn't sit still. Something to the annoyance of her husband she insisted on going home forthwith and she went.

As she was ascending the steps of the apartment house in which she lives she met Edward Bauman coming down. Bauman rented a room from the Ebingers up to four months ago. Mrs. Ebinger stopped him and talked to him.

QUALITY PLUMES
At wholesale prices. To the clothes prime stock that money can buy is used in the making of our quality plumes. Manufacturers we sell them direct to you at less than store prices. We could charge more, but we could not add more to the quality.

ROSES
Six hardy, strong two-year-old plants. SIX VARIETIES all specially labelled, with directions how to plant and grow roses successfully, for ONE DOLLAR

For 25 cents extra in Stamps we will deliver this collection free anywhere in Eastern States. Wunder Workers

WRECKAGE TELLS DEATH OF 130 ON AUSTRALIAN LINER

Typhoon Shatters Steamer Koombana and Hope Given Up That Any Survived.

PERTH, Western Australia, April 2.—Wreckage picked up off the coast appears to seal the fate of the fifty passengers and the eighty men of the crew of the British steamer Koombana, which has been missing since the disastrous typhoon that prevailed on the north-west coast of Western Australia during the last week of March.

The wreckage of the Koombana, the home port of which was Adelaide, was found in the vicinity of the pearl-fishing station at Broome, a small seaport in the Kimberley division of Western Australia.

During the typhoon sixty-seven pearl-fishing boats from Broome were wrecked and forty pearl fishers lost their lives. The Koombana was a steamer of 2,182 tons net. She was built at Glasgow in 1900 and was owned by the Adelaide Steamship Company of Adelaide, Australia.

PHILADELPHIA, April 2.—Lloyd C. Gleason, who was operated on at Bryn Mawr Hospital yesterday, is reported to be doing as well as can be expected. While the physicians refused to tell the nature of the operation, some say it was for either appendicitis or cancer of the stomach.

Here Is a Good Complexion For YOU
Science is knowledge systematized. If you get at all the facts, and then make the right use of your knowledge you will have a beautiful complexion. That is practically every case, because Nature intended every person to have perfect health in every way, and a beautiful complexion is only a natural way of saying that the skin of one's face is in a perfectly healthy condition.

The countless millions of pores, covering the entire body, are continuously discharging waste matter. This is noticeable when one perspires, but it is true all the time, even when the skin appears to be perfectly dry. The pores must be kept open. Those of the face cannot be kept open with soap. When restricted they close and form "blackheads."

PREXO GREASELESS CLEANSING CREAMS
55 Years the Standard. Pat. 1857. SURE TRADE POP
SURE EXTERMINATOR

Grocers are Human
They may forget what you prefer is, unless you tell them. White Rose CEYLON TEA Uniformly Excellent.

White Rose Ceylon Tea, Rich and Pure

Specials in Hosiery
At \$1.00 pair—Women's Pure Thread Silk Stockings, all Silk, Lisle lined inner sole or Cotton soles. Black, White, Tans and colors. Unusual value.

At \$5.50 to 15.00 pair—Women's Hand-made French Stockings, Embroidered, Openworks and Real Laces.

At \$4.00 pair—Our new Queen Alexandra Hosiery. Very fine and extra sheer. Colors to match any shade of evening gown, \$4.50.

50c to \$1.25 pair—Lisle Openworks (new designs) in Black, White and Tans. Special—Black, White and Tans in Lisle and Cotton. Values 50c and 75c. 3 pairs for \$1.00. \$2.00 per half dozen.

James McCutcheon & Co., 5th Ave. & 34th St., Opposite Waldorf-Astoria

Easter Suits To-Morrow, Thursday \$16.98 Actual \$25 Value

HUNDREDS of new fascinations in handsome Easter Suits. Specially chosen for to-morrow is this unprecedented offering of \$16.98 Suits. The wise purchaser will pay an early visit, and can make an immediate selection of the Easter Suit.

One Style Pictured
EVERYTHING that is lovely. The pendulum swings from the finest men's wear serges to nobbist of striped novelty, revealing a complete array in dressy whipcords, trimmed diagonals and Highland mixtures. The tailored or dressy jackets are handsomely peau de cygne lined, while the smart graceful skirts are all superbly tailored.

Delivery Guaranteed for Easter Alterations FREE SALE AT ALL THREE STORES

Bedell
14 and 16 West 14th Street—New York
440 and 462 Fulton Street—Brooklyn
645-651 Broad Street—Newark, N. J.

NEW YORK ATLANTIC CITY PROVIDENCE BURLINGTON
ROSENBAUM & Co.
10 & 12 WEST 23RD STREET
SMART EASTER SUITS

Distinctive Styles and Superior Workmanship. Without question the most attractive and complete stock of Tailored Suits in New York AT EXCEPTIONAL PRICES

VERY SPECIAL \$40 Taffeta Silk Suits \$22.50
Made of changeable-shade Taffeta silk in all the prevailing shades. Cut like English frock with collar and cuffs of same fine lace. \$22.50

\$30 Two-Toned Whipcord Suits 19.50
Trimmed and Plain Tailored Suits in two-toned whipcords and manish serges in all the prevailing shades: new set-in sleeves. 19.50

\$38 Trimmed Serge Suits 25.00
15 different models, in every popular fabric of the season: long, button, double-trimmed; also several new models in whipcords and fancy weaves. 25.00

\$50 Fancy Trimmed Suits 35.00
Copies of foreign models, in Kollmann, Scotch tweeds, two-tone whipcords, diagonals, manish, French and men's wear serges and novelty stripes. 35.00

Andrew Alexander
You will find here the correct and comfortable footwear for your Easter Holiday, wherever you choose to spend it. STREET SHOES in Patent Leather, Gun Metal Calf, Tan Russia, etc.; also in a wide range of colors to match costumes. WHITE SHOES in all suitable leathers and fabrics to complete white costumes for early wear at the hotel resorts. OUTING SHOES in smart and practical models for country wear and for various sports. SLIPPERS in Satin and Kid to match dancing and bridesmaids' dresses. A very large stock of Spring Shoes for misses, girls and little children.

Sixth Avenue at Nineteenth Street Fifth Avenue above Forty-fifth St.

The Tel-Electric Piano Player
Attachable to Any Grand or Upright Piano. Price, \$350
Convenient Terms. The Tel-Electric Co. 299 Fifth Avenue, Cor. at 31st Street

LEGAL NOTICES
To the Stockholders of the Kings Park-New York City Development Company. You are hereby notified that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Kings Park-New York City Development Company, No. 110 West 42nd Street, New York City, on the 25th day of April, 1913, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the election of directors and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting.